

Our Dumb Animals.

"WE SPEAK FOR THOSE WHO



CANNOT SPEAK FOR THEMSELVES."

"I would not enter on my list of friends,
Though graced with polished manners and fine sense,
Yet wanting sensibility, the man
Who needlessly sets foot upon a worm." — *Cooper.*

Vol. 15.

Boston, March, 1883.

No. 10.

To Exchange Papers.

We would call special attention to John Flint's Dream, First Lark in Australia, Professor Bartholomew's Trained Horses, Has My Horse Been Fed? Kindness in Norway, and Bands of Mercy.

Glory to God.

This is the first motto on the beautiful badges of the Bands of Mercy, of which, by the figures of Secretary Rev. Thomas Timmins, we have now, in and out of the State, nearly one hundred and eighty formed and forming, every one of which is not only a society for prevention of cruelty to animals, but also for the prevention of every form of cruelty that now inflicts suffering upon mankind. It is estimated that these Bands will number nearly or quite twenty thousand members. Among them, are many of the most eminent men of our State. Our religious and educational papers have most cordially welcomed their coming, and encouraged their progress. Not only in public and private schools, but in the Sunday Schools of all religious denominations they are being established; and in this matter the Roman Catholic church is behind no other. By kind permission of the Right Reverend Archbishop Williams, a Band is being now established in the Cathedral, and permission has been given to form them in all Roman Catholic parochial and Sunday Schools within his jurisdiction. In a number of them they are already formed. Truly we have reason to say "Glory to God," and let every good man and woman who has at heart the welfare of our country say *Amen*.

M. S. P. C. A.

What do these initials stand for on the Band of Mercy badges?

We answer, "In Massachusetts they stand for *Mass. Society Prevention of Cruelty to Animals*," or "*Mercy (or Merciful) Society Prevention of Cruelty to All*," whichever you please. Out of Massachusetts they have the last-named meaning.

Band of Mercy History.

The History of the founding, aims, and work, of the American Bands of Mercy, by the Secretary of the Parent Band, the Rev. Thomas Timmins, will be soon published, and sent, without charge, to the officers of each Band; Samuel E. Sawyer, Esq., a Director of the Mass. Society P. C. A., and chairman of the Trustees of its permanent fund, having kindly ordered five thousand copies to be printed at his own personal expense.

Boston Conservatory of Music.

By invitation of Prof. Tourjee, Mr. Timmins will address the young ladies and others at the Conservatory of Music, and form a Band of Mercy there on Monday evening, March 5th, at 7.30.

Banners.

Our Bands of Mercy are beginning to get banners. We recommend that the name of each Band appear on a blue or white ground with a good-sized star in gilt, or gold color, in the centre. Ladies may obtain a plain ordinary Sunday School banner, and work on it the name and star, or still cheaper, buy a strip of blue silk, or satin, and make the whole themselves. It is suggested that where there is difficulty about the star, half a dozen of our badge pins, grouped as may seem best, will answer the purpose. Five silver badges with a gilt in the centre on blue, or five gilt with silver in the centre on white, are said by Mr. Timmins to make a very handsome banner.

Buffalo Bands of Mercy adopt our badge, the *M* standing for merciful. They print their own cards from electrotypes of our cut "signing the pledge."

Moorhead, Minn., Band of Mercy has elected Col. S. T. Crockett, President; F. S. Hotaling and others, Vice Presidents; D. H. B. Evans, Secretary, and Frank H. Goodrich, Treasurer, — about 275 members. Very interesting monthly meetings.

The American Bands of Mercy.

The following little poem, by the Rev. Charles T. Brooks, of Newport, R. I., is going the rounds of our Boston papers. We give with it the answer to a letter addressed to Mr. Brooks by the Secretary of our Parent Band, and would suggest that Mr. Brooks doubtless intended to include in the word "*sons*," also *daughters*:

REV. THOMAS TIMMINS:

Dear Friend, — The lines are addressed to you and meant for you, only in the more direct and intimate sense they are addressed to the Angel, — in the upper, comprehensive sense, to you and Mr. Angell, and all the *sons* of mercy: —

Angel of Mercy! marshal forth
Thy Bands of Mercy o'er all the earth,
Fanned by the snow-white banner of love,
Conquering the world for the kingdom above,
Flinging the beautiful blazon abroad, —
Kindness to all the creatures of God!

So may thy army be marching along
To the music of the angels' song,
Till Mercy's strong and silken band
Knits heart to heart and land to land,
Till war, oppression, and hatred cease,
In the reign of Liberty, Love, and Peace.

CHARLES T. BROOKS.

NEWPORT, December, 1882.

New Bands.

- West Newton. The Father Pierce Band of Mercy.
P., George D. Clark.
S., Mrs. B. T. Otis.
T., T. H. Ramsdell.
- West Newton. The Harmony Band of Mercy.
P., H. D. Kendall.
S., Miss Fanny Carpenter.
T., Joseph Symons.
- West Newton. The St. Bernard's Band of Mercy.
P., The Rev. Father McGrath.
S., Sister Mary Agnes.
T., Miss Nelly L. Peters.
- West Newton. English Classical School Band of Mercy.
P., Miss Hattie P. Roberts.
V. P., Miss Jennie C. Allen.
S., Albert K. Spencer.
T., Miss Lucy E. Allen.

Newtonville. Adams School Band of Mercy.

P., Master Soden.
S., Carl Judkins.

Boston, Norfolk Avenue. Excelsior Band of Mercy.

P., John Whittaker.
S., C. F. Titcomb.
T., Thomas Redihough.

South Boston. Clinch School Band of Mercy.

P., Miss L. A. Dunham.

Taunton. The Universalist Band of Mercy.

P., Rev. A. B. Hervey.
S., Miss Louise Mason.
T., Fred. Farnsworth.

Lawrence. Good Shepherd Band of Mercy.

Miss A. A. Spofford.

Dedham. Ames Band of Mercy.

P., Henry E. Crocker.
S. & T., Miss Mary F. Hodges.

Concord.

Miss Norcross.

Dorchester, Grove Hall.

Rev. E. H. Chapin.

Attleboro.

E. A. Hillman.

Arlington. The Arlington Baptist Band of Mercy.

P., Rev. C. H. Watson.
S., W. E. Woods.
T., W. E. Richardson.

Arlington. The Arlington Congregational Band of Mercy.

P., Marion Taylor.
S. & T., Mrs. E. B. Mason.

South Boston. Washington Village Band of Mercy.

P., Rev. James Sallaway.
S. & T., Walter Pritchett.

West Gloucester. Universalist Landseer Band of Mercy.

P., Miss Effie B. Richardson.
S., Miss Minnie A. Dowdell.
T., Miss Lizzie Haskell.

Milford. The Look Up Legion Band of Mercy.

P., Miss Edith Ball.
S., Master Charles Saunders.
T., Master Charles Gibson.

Somerville. The First Congregational Sunday School Band of Mercy.

P., Rev. H. H. Barber.
S., Miss Grace Brown.
T., Mr. Locke.

Somerville. The First Methodist Sunday School Band of Mercy.

P., O. B. Pray.
S., Miss Hattie Tallmer.
T., Eli Dillon.

South Boston. The Hawes Place Band of Mercy.

P., W. F. Peirce.
S., Mrs. Dutton.
T., T. Bathes.

South Boston. The Phillips Church Band of Mercy.

P., Rev. Dr. Meredith.
S., Mrs. G. F. Winch.
T., Chas. E. Meins.

Fairfield, Me. Young People's Band of Mercy.

P., Carrie G. Rice.
V. P., Louise Woodman.
S., Annie Lawrence.
T., Gertie Perry.

Ferry Village, Cumberland Co., Maine. The Ferry Village Band of Mercy.

P., Miss Hattie A. Hutchings.

Franeestown, N. H.

Keene, N. H.

C. T. Buffum.

Munsonville, N. H. Munsonville Band of Mercy.

P., Master Charlie P. Nash.
S., Master Clarence S. Fisher.
T., Master Alfred F. Barrett.

New Haven, Conn.

Mrs. Ellen M. Gifford.

Mountain Dale, Cambria Co., Pa.

Miss Edith A. Bowman.

Old Bands, With Names of New Officers.

Newton. The Channing Band of Mercy.

P., Henry Wells.
S. & T., Miss Susie F. Allen.

Athol Centre. Unity Band of Mercy.

P., Rev. W. C. Litchfield.
S., H. H. Childs.
T., F. Lee.

Beverly. Beverly Methodist Episcopal Band of Mercy.

P., Rev. Seth C. Carey.
S., Miss L. M. Hawkes.
T., Miss A. E. Waterman.

Newton. Grace Church Band of Mercy.

P., Rev. G. W. Shinn.
S. & T., G. E. Elms, Jr.

Winthrop. Winthrop Band of Mercy.

P., David Floyd.
V. P., Dr. H. S. Soule.
S., Miss Sarah Carter.
T., Miss Florence Pomroy.

Lynnfield Band of Mercy.

At the opening musical and literary entertainment of the Lynnfield, Mass., Band of Mercy, of which Mrs. Geo. T. Angell is President, this beautiful poem, by Mrs. Judge Nash, of Lynnfield, was read:—

With banner and with song
We come a happy throng,
To celebrate to-night,
The birth of this our Band,
Which speaks throughout the land,
In tones all understand,
For Mercy, Love and Right.

It counsels mercy kind
To all whom we may find
In sorrow, want, or woe;
Or man, or beast, or bird,
Where saddest plaints are heard,
By kindest feelings stirred,
To Love and Mercy show.

These two words we inscribe
Upon our banner's side.
And ever may the sight
Inspire us with a zeal
To work for other's weal,
And in each sad appeal,
Do battle for the right.

Then may we at life's close,
When in death's calm repose,
Ended all earth's employ,
Receive the rich reward,
As promised in His word,
"Ye did it to the Lord,
Enter into my joy."

A Blind Cat.

The family favorite whose misfortunes have afforded an opportunity to observe the workings of instinct under difficulties is a noble specimen. Dido is his name. During the four years of his life he has never been known to do anything wrong, unless it be to fight against all feline intruders. In some one of his many encounters Dido met with an injury to one of his feet, that made a surgical operation necessary, from which he recovered, but shortly afterward went totally blind. A cataract was formed over each eye, by which, as repeated experiments proved, vision was thoroughly obscured.

This calamity came on suddenly, and placed the cat in circumstances not provided for by the ordinary gifts of instinct. What to do with him-

self was plainly a problem hard to be solved. He would sit and mew most piteously, as if bemoaning his condition; and when he attempted to move about, he met with all the mishaps that the reader will be likely to imagine. He ran against walls, fell down stairs, stumbled over sticks, and when once on the top rail of the fence he would traverse its entire length seeking in vain for a jumping-off place. On being called, he would run about bewildered, as if not knowing whence the voice came nor whither he should go to find the one calling. In short, Dido's life seemed hardly worth living, and we were seriously plotting his death, when the cat himself clearly concluded that he must make his other senses atone for the loss of sight.

It was very curious to watch his experiments. One of the first was concerning the art of going down stairs. Instead of pawing the air, as he had been doing on reaching the top step, he went to one side till he felt the banisters touch his whiskers, and then, guided thus, he would descend safely and at full speed, turning into the hall on gaining the last step. One by one he made each familiar path a study, determined the exact location of each door, explored anew all his old haunts, and seemed bravely resolved to begin life over again. The result was so unexpectedly successful that we were deceived into the notion that sight had been restored. But by placing any obstacle in the path and then calling him eagerly to his customary feeding place it was evident that he was entirely blind, for he would run with full force against the box or other obstruction, and then, for some time afterward, he would proceed with renewed caution.

His value as a mouser does not seem to be in the least diminished.

It is well known that the house cat will find its way back from distant places to which it has been carried blindfolded; and how it performs such feats naturalists have never satisfactorily explained. The theory accepted by some of them is that the animal takes note of the successive odors encountered on the way, that these leave as distinct a series of images as those we should receive by the sense of sight, and that, by taking them in the inverse order from that in which they were received he traces his homeward route. But, in the cat now described, the sense of smell is by no means acute, as has been proved by a variety of methods; and moreover, although, as one might say, perpetually blindfolded, he quite uniformly chooses the shortest road home, without reference to the path he may have taken on leaving the house. Curious to see how far this homing instinct would extend, I took advantage of a fall of snow that wrapped under its mantle every familiar object, concealed all the paths, and deadened every odor and sound. Taking Dido to a considerable distance from the house, and, making a number of turns to bewilder him, I tossed him upon a drift and quietly awaited results. The poor creature turned his sightless orbs this way and that, and mewed piteously for help. Finding, at length, that he was thrown entirely on his own resources, he stood motionless for about one minute, and then, to my amazement, made his way directly through the untrodden snow to the house door, which, it is needless to add, was promptly opened for the shivering martyr to scientific investigation, to whom consolation was forthwith offered in a brimming bowl of new milk. My conclusion, therefore, is that Wallace's ingenious theory of accounting for orientation by what he calls "brain registration" will not explain what has been described, but that the mysterious homing faculty is probably independent of such methods of gaining knowledge as have been ordinarily observed, and is analogous to the migratory instinct controlling the long flights of some species of birds.

—By H. C. Hovey, in the *Scientific American*.

Happiness grows at our own fireside, and is not to be picked in the stranger's garden.

Has My Horse Been Fed?

MR. EDITOR: My son and I went, in our own carriage, about twenty-four miles, on a visit. Our horse was taken to a stable where horses were boarded by the day, week, or month. My son took the horse to the stable at evening, and directed when she should be fed, and how much grain at a feeding. About bedtime, as I kept thinking, thinking that Dollie had not received any water nor hay nor oats since we left home, I said, "My son, did you give Dollie any water?" "I did not. But I told Sam to water her." "Do you know that she was fed this evening?" "I do, although I cannot say so absolutely and positively." "Poor Dollie!" I said feelingly, "If I felt able to walk to your stable, I think you would tell me very quickly whether you have been fed and watered after such a long drive this hot July day." "Now, father," said my son, "do not worry about Dollie. I feel confident that she has been fed and watered just as I directed." Early in the morning I directed my son to go to the stable (as I was not able to walk so far) and learn for a certainty if Dollie had been fed the evening previous. They told him she had been fed as directed. We were to start for home at 11 o'clock a. m. Feeling so uneasy about Dollie, at 10 o'clock, unknown to any one, I went with slow and feeble steps half a mile or more, to learn whether my Dollie had been fed or not. I said to Sam, one of the hostlers, "Did you feed our horse this morning?" "I didn't; but she was fed." I then went from Sam to Joe and Dick and Tom, each one assuring me that my horse had been fed. I then met the proprietor, to whom I said, "We propose to start for home at 11 o'clock. Has my horse been fed?" (Dollie, hearing my voice, gave three or four whinnies in quick succession.) "Yes, sir, your horse has been fed and watered." I replied with a sorrowful smile, as I understood perfectly the full significance of that whinny, "Dollie says no one has fed her." He replied, with a half-provoked retort, "Perhaps you don't understand such horse-language as that." "Perhaps not," I replied. "Please introduce me to the man who fed and watered my horse." "Bill," said the proprietor of the stables to the man who supervised that portion of the stalls where my horse was kept, "did you feed this man's horse this morning?" "No, sir." "Did you water him?" "No, sir." "Why under the canopy of the starry sky didn't you do it?" "No one told me anything about the horse last night, and I didn't know whose she was, nor whether she was to be fed or not," said Bill. I then saw Dollie led to water, and I saw Bill put feed in her manger. Bill told me that as no one had directed him to feed and water her the day previous, it had not been done. Twenty-nine hours had elapsed, and Dollie had not received one swallow of water nor a mouthful of feed. If I, feeble as I then was, had not crawled to the stable, Dollie would have been driven, with two in the carriage, that long distance home, without a mouthful of hay or oats. From boyhood I have owned and managed many horses, and during all my life I never had a sick horse, nor have I lost a horse by any ailment and death. It has always been an inflexible rule of action to see that the horses were cared for before I sought comfort for myself. When I have ordered my horses fed at a hotel, my rule always has been to go and look in the manger and satisfy myself that my team had been properly fed. I have known owners of horses to pay for six quarts of oats when the horse received only two. I knew when my Dollie neighed at the sound of my accustomed voice, that she had not been fed nor watered. If a person would own a good horse, he must be properly fed and watered, not semi-occasionally, but many times a day.—*Sereno Edwards Todd, Sr., in Evangelist.*

Pigeon Shooting.

We learn from the February Zoophilist that a Bill is now before the British Parliament to make pigeon shooting matches as illegal as bull baiting and dog fighting.

What Professor Bartholomew's Trained Horses Have Been Doing in Boston.

Probably nearly or quite a hundred thousand of our people have seen, wondered at, and admired the performances of these remarkable horses. That our friends at a distance may know something about them, we give the following account of some of the things they do—by the Rev. Dr. Corbett, of Battle Creek, Michigan—prefacing it with Prof. Bartholomew's uniform statement, that "*it is all done by kindness:*"

"There are some sixteen of them here on daily exhibition, and the twelve best and most instructed are more polite, and seem to know more than some men and women. The owner and trainer of these horse scholars talks to them as we talk to children. When they do well he commends them. When they come short of their duties, he censures them and they are not slow to distinguish the one from the other. He claims they know and comprehend 300 separate and distinct words as intelligently as human beings. The performances of these "educated horses" are not on the circus order. They are not guided by bit or bridle, nor by a significant bearing down of a rider's saddle. The owner and teacher stands remote from them, and by word of mouth calls upon them individually and collectively to go and do certain acts he has taught them. When this school of animals enters the arena, he singles out different ones by their distinguishing name and bids such go and salute the audience. In response to such command the horse specified leaves his companions, and, coming forward to the "foot-lights," bows to the assemblage.

He asks one of the school to "go and open a desk and bring him his handkerchief."

Another he commands to take a sponge and rub out some figures on a black board.

Another he commands "to march," "to trot," "to run," and by such a simple command the gait changes simultaneously with the request.

Another he orders to describe a figure "8" by the movement of his body, and calls upon the audience to say whether he shall describe it by commencing at the right or at the left, and as the voice from the audience determines so it is.

He orders four of his horses to go and stand side by side for a game of "leap-frog," and then calls upon any one of the audience to nominate some other horse that shall run and leap over all four of them. So soon as one of the horses hears his own name called by some person in the audience, just so soon does the animal named catch the spirit of the "turf," and with an exciting impetuosity he wildly and gladly runs, and with a leap and a bound he clears all four animals amidst the plaudits of the multitude. It is amusing to see the cocked ears of all the horses as they wait the mention of their names.

The teacher of this school of animals took out a large Geneva music-box, and as soon as it was wound up, these horses grouped themselves around him and endeavored to get their heads into his lap, and when self-posed they listened with wrapt attention.

An immense "see-saw" was arranged in the arena, and at the word of command the horse nominated went up the plank, and when in the middle of it, he there stood for five minutes "see-sawing" that plank, to the wonder and amusement of every beholder. While thus standing and balancing that huge plank the owner called the name of another horse, and at once the last named got upon the same plank, and the two horses at the extreme ends of that plank there stood and "see-sawed" as perfectly and as nonchalantly as two men could do.

The next scene was very exciting. The owner arrayed himself in a military uniform, and at a bugle-call twelve horses entered, wearing a crimson ribbon around their barrels, and entered with a soldierly step. They at once arranged themselves into a military line and "dressed" right or left pursuant to command. The evolu-

tions, and marchings, and counter-marchings of these quadruped-soldiers, in obedience to oral requirement, were indescribably wonderful and fascinating. They marched with perfect precision in a body. They marched in platoons. They marched in ever-varying sections. They filed "right" and they filed "left," they formed a hollow square, and went through the tactics of a military drill with an exactitude that baffles description.

But the final scene was the climax of all. It was a "horse court." One of the horses was indicted for "murder." The bell rang. The curtain rose and "the court-room" was before you. Six horses were in the "jury-box." The horse charged with murder was in the prisoner's dock, and was fastened with chains. The Judge's bench was a lofty structure, and looked like an old-fashioned New England pulpit. In it sat a sober-visaged donkey, with flamboyant ears, looking every inch a Judge. The owner charged the jurors and ordered them to retire. At once those educated horses withdrew, but soon afterwards came back into court, and once again entered "the jury-box." The teacher, in behalf of the long-eared Judge, now called for a verdict, and immediately thereafter one of the number (the foreman) held up in his teeth a placard, on which was printed "Not Guilty." This placard was handed from "jury horse" to "jury horse," and each one received it in his teeth and held it up for public inspection. The owner then commanded that the prisoner be released, and at that word another horse, acting as "Sheriff," went up, and with his teeth unfastened the chains, and the prisoner came forth and intelligently saluted the audience. Now, inasmuch as such an ocular demonstration of the sagacity of a horse is furnished, inasmuch as history overflows with records of that animal's loving fidelity, inasmuch as "the epizootic" a few years ago showed how dependent we are upon this faithful and intelligent four-footed friend, is it not strange that any human being can be found so cruel in his instincts as to be willing to harm one of them by word or deed? Let us teach our employes, and our children, and ourselves that the horse is too intelligent, and loving, and faithful, and nervous to be abused either by tongue or whip. Let us all mete out to him allopathic doses of "*loving kindness.*"

To the above we add that in the final scene as exhibited in Boston, these horses capture a fort, firing cannon with their teeth,—lying down to avoid the enemy's fire, and at last capturing and passing from one to another the hostile flag. In all the stories of horse intelligence related in this paper during the past fifteen years, some of which have seemed almost fabulous, we think nothing can be found so wonderful as what a hundred thousand of our citizens, it may be, have been actually witnessing.

—Editor.

Among recent members of Bands of Mercy are Robert Collyer, Rev. Dr. Bartol, and Rev. Dr. Meredith, who is President of his large Band in South Boston.

English Sparrows.

A crusade has been commenced in the Massachusetts Legislature against the sparrows. Mr. Angell has written, in their defence, a letter, widely published by the press, and has sent a copy of this letter, with the testimony of John Galvin (City Forester), Wm. R. Smith, Curator of the Botanic Garden at Washington, and Dr. Hagen of Harvard University, to each member of the Senate and House. He has also seen various members of the Senate and House in relation to it. The attack is a very formidable one.

OUR DUMB ANIMALS.

BOSTON, MARCH, 1883.

The Directors' February Meeting.

The Directors' February meeting was held on Wednesday, the 21st. Present: Mrs. Appleton, Mrs. Cobb, Mrs. Iasigi, Mrs. Johnson, Mrs. Paine, Miss Alice Russell, Messrs. Angell, Hemenway, Hill, and Sawyer.

The President in the chair. The January record was read and approved, and a report of the receipts and payments was made and referred to the Finance Committee.

President Angell then reported what had been done to obtain legislation to prohibit "putting salt upon horse-railroad tracks." "Amendments to the Statutes for the more effectual prevention of Cruelty to Animals." "To provide better means of transportation of young calves." "For the preservation of insect-eating-birds and their eggs." "For Humane Education of the children by teachers in the public schools." That the Society agents investigated in January one hundred and twenty-nine cases of cruelty, and mercifully killed twenty-nine animals. Great progress was being made in the formation of Bands of Mercy; they now number about one hundred and eighty bands, formed and forming, with a membership of about twenty thousand. It was voted to send over two hundred copies of "Our Dumb Animals" to Boston teachers another year, — to send to each member of the Senate and House, and Boston weekly and daily papers, a resolution in relation to insect-eating-birds, which appears in another column. The resignation of Miss Anne Wigglesworth as a director was accepted with much regret, and she was unanimously elected a Vice President of the Society.

Protection of Insect-Eating-Birds.

The following has been sent to all Boston papers, and every member of the Massachusetts Legislature:—

WHEREAS, the attention of this Society has been called by President Chadbourne of the State Agricultural College, and various others in different parts of the Commonwealth, to the great destruction of our insect-eating-birds and their nests by boys and others who claim to be making collections; and whereas, hitherto, only a few persons and institutions have been permitted by law to authorize such boys and other persons to kill our insect-eating-birds; and, whereas, an act is now before our Legislature, authorizing, in addition to those already authorized, the Mayors of all cities, and the Selectmen of all towns, to give such permissions, now be it resolved, that we, the directors of the Mass. Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, do most earnestly call upon all persons who would protect our insect-eating-birds to use their best exertions to prevent this act from becoming a law, — and that a copy of this resolution be sent to each member of the Legislature, and to all Boston daily and weekly papers.

By order of the Directors,
GEO. T. ANGELL, President.

Plain Talk for Those Only Who Need It.

DEAR SIR, OR MADAM:

We are receiving, as during many years, your letters signed "humanity," &c., &c., giving terrible accounts of cruelties in your respective towns and cities. Old horses starved and half starved, cattle ditto, other animals ditto, abuses which it would take half a column simply to name, and you call upon us for help. Now we wish to distinctly say *what we hope you will never forget*, that, we have only *four paid prosecuting agents*, employed in and about Boston, and the cities and large towns that lie near it, *to do for animals* the work that more than a thousand paid officers do for humans. They are constantly occupied with *bona fide* cases, reported by responsible names. They have no time, and we have no money, to run after anonymous cases, reported by persons who will not give names. We have about five hundred agents in country towns, and other cities, that for the love of our cause, do render us much service, but they receive no pay, except the approval of their own hearts. We have no funds to pay them. Now do you think it right to ask these men to incur the ill will of townsmen by enforcing our laws when there is not one particle of organized public sentiment in your town or city to sustain them? If you are the friend of animals, and believe there is some debt of gratitude due to them, and to God who gave them, *why don't you do something to show it?* The present editor of this paper gives nearly his whole time, without compensation, and has given thousands of dollars to this work. Some of our friends and directors have given many thousands of dollars. *What have you given?* If you cannot give money there is one thing you can do. There is not a man, or woman, or boy, or girl over fourteen years old who reads this article, that cannot in the next month form a "*Band of Mercy*;" and it will cost just six cents, or two three cent postage stamps, to get from this office a membership book for signatures, with full directions for forming and what to do; and *that is all that is needed*. Your "*Band*" may be six, or six hundred, as you succeed. Afterwards if you want the pictorial membership cards at two cents each, or the beautiful badges at six cents each, you can have them — *but one six cent membership book is all you need*. When you have formed a "*Band*" in your town, or city, then you can report to our unpaid local agents, and they will say to offenders, "*the Band*" requires me to do so and so; then they will incur no more ill will than any officer of the law who serves a writ, — or the Secretary of your "*Band*" can write the offender a kind letter. There can never be proper protection of animals in your city or town until you have a local organization to protect them. Over a hundred "*Bands*" have been already formed in Massachusetts, and many in other states. Now if you are a friend of animals, write within twenty-four hours after reading this article, to the editor of this paper, and enclose two postage stamps for a *membership Band of Mercy book*, — and if you are not a friend of animals, don't keep harrowing up our feelings with long details of cruelty which you will give no name to authenticate, and *which you will do nothing to prevent*.

A New and Most Important Law.

Some weeks since Mr. Angell, on behalf of our Society, petitioned our Legislature for a law making it the duty of all teachers of public schools in Massachusetts, to teach their scholars to protect insect eating birds and their nests, and treat all domestic animals kindly. On Wednesday, February 14, Mr. Angell, with Hon. T. W. Bicknell, of the *Journal of Education*, and Hon. Charles L. Flint, Vice President of the Boston School Committee, had a hearing at the State House before the Joint Committee on Education of Senate and House. It is believed that the proposed act will become the law of Massachusetts, — and open an almost boundless field in this Commonwealth for humane literature, education, and Bands of Mercy.

We are glad to learn by letter from P. S. Gent McLaughlin that our friends in Maine, and by letter from Mrs. White that our friends in Philadelphia, are now asking laws to prevent the cruel shooting of live pigeons from traps for sport, in their respective States, similar to laws already enacted in Massachusetts, Vermont, New Hampshire, and Rhode Island. The following article from the New York Witness shows that this barbarous sport is soon to become unfashionable in England:

PIGEON SHOOTING.

The London *Army and Navy Gazette* says: "We understand that the Prince of Wales, at the urgent request of the Princess of Wales, is bestirring himself to put down the cruel sport of pigeon shooting. The ladies have formed a ring, and intend 'boycotting' Hurlingham until the Gun Club discards the pretty dove and adopts the terra-cotta pigeon, a new invention which is being brought out under the patronage of the Prince of Wales, and can be seen at work at the Ranelagh Club grounds."

When may we hope for equal good sense among our fashionable, alias snobbish, sportsmen, who buy pigeons by the hundred to let them out of traps and shoot them as they fly away? The process of killing pigeons is sometimes necessary, however disagreeable, just as it is necessary to kill other animals for food, or because of the mischief they do, but as well might James Gordon Bennett, *et al.*, buy a few score of lambs and let them loose to shoot at them as they frisked round as to treat pigeons in that manner. No one that has a trace of Christianity or genuine humanity would

"Blend his pleasure or his pride
With sorrow of the meanest thing that feels."

If these frivolous seekers after excitement or pleasure were aware of the extreme contempt with which they are regarded by the better part of the community they would be shamed out of their wanton cruelty. But we hope higher motives than shame, or even a lady's entreaties, will yet induce some of them to desist. How many of them might if they choose, post themselves up in the questions of the day, and in the theory and practice of statesmanship, so as to come out, like young Belmont, an honor to their country, and prove rapidly rising men in public estimation.

—N. Y. Christian Witness, Feb. 8, 1883.

The Directors of the Mass. S. P. C. A., have voted to send upwards of 200 copies of "Our Dumb Animals" to Boston teachers during the next year, without charge.

There has been a large call for our publications during the past month.

[From the New York Tribune.]

Pigeon Shooting.

Over in New Jersey several hundreds of caged pigeons were let loose on Christmas day to be shot, the crack of the shotgun being considered, perhaps, a sort of echo to the angelic song of "Peace on Earth." There is something in the pleasures and perils of the chase which appeals to that spirit of adventure which has its home in the breast of the boy, and which the mature and sober citizen rarely succeeds in subjugating and suppressing. The pursuit of the nobler varieties of game is a school of courage and endurance, and steadiness of nerve. The heroic element does not manifest itself to any inspiring degree in the slaughter of the more timid birds and animals; but, after all, the shooting of so-called game birds is only following the strong and irrepressible instinct inherited from a barbarian, and, perhaps, a quadrumanous ancestry. Of course it is an unequal contest; but when the game is pursued on its own ground, where it enjoys every opportunity for concealment or escape, and when the generous sportsman so far recognizes the rights of the pursued that he scorns to take unfair advantages with trap or snare, it comes to be a contest between wariness and skill. The purely murderous features of gunning are in this way toned down and wiped out, and the sport loses the taint of brutality.

It is difficult, however, to understand how trap-shooting can be considered a manly or ennobling pastime. When birds, which are the very emblems of innocence, are captured alive and then set free in front of the so-called sportsman's gun to be slaughtered, the sport becomes butchery, and pretty coarse butchery at that. The fact that the contestants in these matches kill birds for money does not mitigate the brutality of the fun. At all events, it does not seem impertinent to suggest that gentlemen who wish to achieve renown and \$25 for killing more birds than anybody else, might select a more appropriate occasion for this performance than the anniversary of the day when Infinite Tenderness appeared upon the earth.

[For "Our Dumb Animals."]

What the Snow-Bird Says.

A little brown Snow-Bird hopped up to the door,
Picked up a few crumbs, then he looked round for more.
He chirped a few notes—then he peeped all about,
As much as to say "please to throw some more out."

"For winter is here with its snow and its sleet,
And little we Snow-Birds can find fit to eat;
Except a few crumbs that are thrown here and there,
But that's not enough for the birds all to share."

If only you'd hang all the bones on the trees,
And let us birds pick them whenever we please,
'Twould be a great blessing the whole winter through,
And be but a very small trouble to you."

The Robins and Blue-Jays, less robust and warm,
Find shelter in woods from winter's cold storm.
But we little Snow-Birds, more hardy and bold,
Enjoy the rough weather and seldom are cold.

When winter is mild and the ground is all bare,
There's plenty to eat,—yes, and plenty to spare.
But when the ground's covered all over with snow,
There's little to eat except what you bestow."

Oh! dear little Snow-Birds, so slender of form,
Pray tell what protection you have from the storm;
And why your pluk feet are not cold as you go
Hopping so merrily over the snow.

We'll save all the crumbs in the future for you,
That you may not suffer the whole winter through.
So when you are hungry, please come to the door,
And if not enough then we'll throw you out more.

—Aunt Clara.

No. Andover, Mass.

Old Jim.

A Boston merchant, for many years one of the kindest friends of our Society, and whose initials will be known by many of our readers, sends us, just before going to press, the following tribute to the memory of his dumb friend:—

[For "Our Dumb Animals."]

OLD JIM.

Many of your readers will be sorry to hear that Old Jim has gone to his long home. He was in his 35th year, and did the light work asked of him up to the end. I drove him out Saturday, and he died the following Monday. It can be said of him, as of very few of us, that he did his duty well and faithfully. I bought him twenty-eight years ago last June, and have kept him all those years, and was well repaid for my care. He was in every respect a thoroughly good horse, such as I shall probably never own again, and it was with a heavy heart that I stood beside his grave and saw him decently buried with all the respect that he so well deserved. He has been a member of your Society for a great many years, and many besides myself will mourn for him. I considered him one of my family, and hope when my end draws near, I can look back upon a life as well spent as his. He deserves an obituary more than most men, and my hope is that I shall meet him again.

A. B. H.

A Central Park, New York, Incident.

A crowd was seen, one day last summer, gathered near a heap of stones in Central Park, N. Y. A number of policemen stood in front, and on approaching, the attraction was seen to be a *drunken man*, lying utterly senseless on the stones. Of course his presence there was an offence against public decorum, and the blue-coated policemen found it their duty to remove him.

But though there were spectators and officers in plenty, the man could not be removed. He had a friend more respectable than he; a friend who stuck closer than a brother, in spite of his degradation and shame. A noble Newfoundland dog stood over the helpless man, looking down into his face, and suffering no one to approach his unconscious master. He did not like the looks of the policemen, and the policemen did not like the looks of the dog. Twenty feet was about the proper distance the dog had settled upon, for them, and any man who came nearer came at his peril. Pails of water were brought and thrown over the faithful animal, but steadfast amid storm and gloom, he only drew closer and closer to his unworthy companion.

"We cannot take the man unless we shoot the dog," said one, "and he is too noble an animal to kill."

"Which is the brute?" asked a passer, as at a glance he took in the scene.

The dog was at his best, and doing his best, with a more than human fidelity. The man, at his worst, degraded and disgusting, lay helpless, under the care of the brute. The policemen left the man in charge of his dumb friend.

—Exchange.

Philadelphia.

We learn from the January Zoophologist that Mrs. White, President of the Philadelphia Ladies' Society P. C. A., assisted by her colleague, Miss Adele Biddle, has commenced founding an "Anti-Vivisection" Society, and that the inaugural meeting will, it is hoped, be soon held in Philadelphia.

The grand essentials of happiness are something to do, something to love, and something to hope for.

Hymn.

BY MRS. C. M. FAIRCCHILD, OF CHICAGO.

Air—"My Country, 'Tis of Thee."

O sweet humanity,
Lifting from sea to sea
Protecting hands
And voices winged with prayer;
Lord of the earth and air,
Of sea and caverns there,
Breathe Thy commands!

Where winged creatures fly,
They sing a hymn to Thee
From plumed breasts;
Stay Thou the fowler's snare,
And may the arrow there
Pierce man's slow pity where
'Tis tenderest.

Where toil dumb laborers
For gain and ease not theirs,
Stay Thou the blow!
And where Thy cattle moan,
Amished and feverish grown,
Oh teach man's heart of stone
Pity to know!

Pray we from realms of time
That in the years sublime,
When near Thy throne
In solemn joy we meet,
With gladness at our feet
Thy humbler ones may greet
A bliss their own!

Doxology.

BY REV. H. B. CARPENTER, OF BOSTON.

Our heart's pure service, Love, be Thine,
Who clothest all with rights divine,
Whose great Soul burns, though ne'er so dim,
In all that walk, or fly, or swim.

All Father! who on Mercy's throne
Hear'st Thy dumb creatures' faintest moan,—
Thy love be ours, and ours shall be
Returned in deeds to these and Thee.

Washington Society has elected Judge Arthur McArthur, President; C. W. Smiley, Corresponding Secretary; Mrs. Admiral Murray, Financial Secretary; and J. B. T. Tupper, Recording Secretary.

Horse-Railroads.

Our Society, in company with about a hundred of the largest horse owners in Boston, express companies, teamsters, stable keepers, hackmen, &c., had, on Feb. 5th and 7th, a two days' hearing before the Joint Committee of the Senate and House, for a State law to prevent Horse R. R. Companies putting salt, brine, &c., on their tracks. This is, we believe, the fourth time that our Society has come in conflict with the Horse-Railroads at the State House. If any of our friends can remember a single instance during the past ten years, in which that Committee has failed to decide *as against outside parties*, just as those corporations wanted, we should be glad to be informed.

Mass. Society Prevention Cruelty to Children.

By Report for 1882, just received, we find expenses of the year were \$10,543.00, and receipts from various sources \$8,769.33. The Society has dealt with 812 new cases, involving 1745 children, and total number of children under investigation during the year was 3,764. This Society ought to be well sustained.

[By John Adams, M. A., vicar of Stockcross, Berks.]
John Flint's Dream.

One cold evening in December, John Flint was returning home with his donkey and cart from the town of Oldbury, where he had been all day hawking firewood; and, according to his custom, he dropped in at the Fox and Hounds to drink and gossip, leaving his donkey outside the door. There was a keen east wind blowing right against the front of the house; and a scud of rain dashed now and then upon the rough pavement, freezing as it fell, and covering everything that it touched with a transparent coat of ice. The poor animal had been in harness for eight hours, and had not eaten a morsel of food since the morning, so he moved anxiously from side to side in search of something to satisfy his hunger; but, finding nothing, he turned his tail to the wind, dropped his ears almost to a level with his eyes, and began to groan and shiver.

"Your donkey's got the ague, John," said an acquaintance of his, who entered the house just as John was ordering his second pint of beer: "his very bones were rattling and shaking as I passed him just now, and the poor brute groaned as if he'd got some heavy trouble on his mind."

"'Tis bruises on his body, instead of trouble on his mind, that makes him groan," replied John, with a savage grin. "Look at that stinger;" and he held up a thick ashen stick, tipped with a sharp iron point. "He's had a touch or two to-day that he won't forget, the lazy brute!"

Thereupon John drained his mug, refilled his pipe, and left the house. Presently heavy blows from the aforesaid "stinger" were heard above the noise of the wheels, as John drove off from the door of the Fox and Hounds, belaboring his jaded beast almost at every step. Then there was silence suddenly, and the donkey stood still in the road. John had fallen as he was attempting to take his seat in the cart, and fractured his leg; so it was now his turn to groan. Whether the donkey kicked him down in return for an application of the "stinger," or whether the slippery condition of the road was the cause of his fall, or whether, as he himself afterwards asserted, a blow from an unseen hand smote him to the ground, no one can tell. Anyhow, he was found lying in the road about a hundred yards from the public-house, groaning in chorus with the donkey, the one bemoaning his bruises and the other his broken leg. He was lifted into his cart, and conveyed as quickly as possible to his own cottage, where a surgeon was soon in attendance upon him. After his leg had been set he fell asleep, and dreamed the following dream:—

He was on his way to Oldbury with a heavy load of firewood, and in the act of sniting his donkey because he stopped to take breath halfway up a steep hill, when the animal raised his nose towards the sky and brayed three times. Thereupon two hideous gorillas, one red and the other black, stood before him. John was terror-stricken at the strange apparitions; for he saw by their looks that they meant mischief, and that flight or resistance would be impossible; so he began to shout "Murder!" with all his might. Regardless of his cries, however, the black gorilla snatched the stick from his hand, and gave his back a bitter taste of the "stinger," whilst the red monster unharnessed the donkey. Then tying one end of the halter round John's neck, and holding the other in his hand, he set off at a swinging trot. The black gorilla followed close behind, now and then quickening John's pace by a prod with the point of the "stinger;" and behind all came the donkey, capering with delight, and now and then, at the sight of his master's contortions, giving a whinny which sounded very like a titter. The road which they took led them into a forest, which grew thicker and darker as they advanced; but they held on a straight course through it, regardless of all obstructions, and, whenever John relaxed his pace in dashing through a swamp or a thicket, the black gorilla used the "stinger" with a wonderfully stimulating effect.

After a run of four hours they reached a wide

river, and without a moment's hesitation plunged headlong into it. Poor John, who had never in his life attempted to swim, thought his end was now certainly come, and howled with fright; but his leader kept firm hold of the halter, and dragged him safely across to the opposite bank. A number of horses, dogs, and donkeys galloped up to meet them; and, to John's consternation, he found they were all gifted with the faculty of speech, whilst he himself had become dumb. Even his own donkey, once so patient and silent, could talk as glibly as the rest; and the topic of his discourse was anything but pleasant to John, for he described how, from the time when he was a little helpless foal, he had had nothing but excessive work, scanty food, kicks, and curses; and, moreover, he called attention to the iron-pointed stick which had been the instrument of his daily torture, and to the scars which covered his body. This produced such a sensation among the assembled animals that the pathetic narrative was stopped by a murmur of indignation. So great was the rage of the dogs, that they made a rush towards John, and would have torn him to pieces if the gorillas had not interfered.

When his companions had sufficiently rested and refreshed themselves, the rapid march was resumed; and the crowd of animals accompanied them, — some to show their sympathy for the injured donkey, and others to exult at the pitiable sight of his contemptible master. From the remarks which John overheard, he fancied he was being led to the gallows, and that his donkey was to be the executioner. It was a great relief, therefore, when they stopped at the entrance-gate of a spacious court, that the attendant crowd fell back, and that no preparations were visible for any such tragic event as he had been anticipating. The most conspicuous object in sight was an enormous white elephant, pacing to and fro on a grass-plot in the centre of the court; and, when the gate was thrown open, the gorillas advanced with their captive to the edge of the grass-plot, and the elephant came forward to receive them.

"We have brought a human brute from the other side of the river," exclaimed the red gorilla, "that your majesty may pass sentence upon him for cruelty to animals. He has shamefully maltreated a faithful servant, who is here to give evidence against him."

"Let the servant state his complaint," said the elephant. Thereupon the donkey again told his tale of woe, exhibited his bruises, and bade the gorilla hold up the terrible weapon which had caused them.

Then the elephant, lifting his trunk erect in the air to signify his anger, thus addressed the wretched prisoner:—

"Thou, to whom lordship has been given over all the beasts of the field, hast shown thyself utterly unworthy of the power intrusted to thee. Thou hast made the life of this animal, who served thee faithfully, a dreary bondage of slavery and suffering. The same divine Being who created thee created him also, and gave him feelings and affections as tender as thine own. He is as much a member of God's family, and an object of God's care, as thou art; and the sun shines and the grass grows as much for him as for thee. He had as much right as thou to the pleasures of existence: but thou hast deprived him of all enjoyment. Thou hast treated him as though he had no place nor portion assigned to him by Providence except to do thy bidding. Moreover, thou hast compelled him to minister to thy selfish advantage beyond his strength; and, instead of kindness, thou hast given him in return for his labor stinted provender and savage blows. Wherefore my sentence is, that henceforth he shall be thy master, and thou shalt be his slave. He shall have the power to command, and thou shalt be compelled in silence to obey. So shalt thou be punished for thy wickedness, and be taught by actual experience that dumb animals suffer from unkindness, hunger and cold, just as those do who have the faculty of speech."

Then, turning to the gorillas, he bade them lead

their prisoner to an adjoining field, and there compel him, with his own weapon, to obey the commands of his former servant.

Away started the monsters again, grinning with delight, the one dragging and the other driving their victim; and, on their arrival at the field, John shuddered more than he had yet done at the prospect of his misery, for there were hundreds of his fellow-creatures in that field working as speechless slaves for the animals they had ill-used. All sorts of agricultural work were going on, but the drudgery was all being done by human beings. Teams of them were harnessed to heavy ploughs, harrows, and carts. Here and there a pair of them might be seen drawing in a low vehicle some aged horse or donkey; and in a distant part of the field a group of them were just starting for a steeple-chase, with monkeys on their backs armed with sharp spurs. Gorillas marched about everywhere like policemen, to keep order and to drive the teams; and their heavy whips were incessantly cracking on the bare shoulders of the poor slaves. The sight was so terrible, that John could not endure it even in his sleep. He awoke—a sadder, and, we hope, a better man.

— *Animal World.*

The First Lark in Australia.

Some years ago, when the Australian gold fever was hot in the veins of thousands, and fleets of ships were conveying them to that far-off land, a poor old woman landed with the great multitude of rough and reckless men, fired almost to frenzy by dreams of ponderous nuggets and golden fortunes. For these they left behind them all enjoyments, endearments, and softening sanctities of home and social life in England;—mothers, wives, sisters, and daughters. There they were, thinly tented in the rain, and the dew, and the mist,—a busy, boisterous, womanless camp of diggers and grubbers, roughing and tumbling it in the scramble for gold-mites; with no quiet Sabbath breaks, nor Sabbath songs, nor Sabbath bells to measure off and sweeten a season of rest. The poor widow, who had her cabin within a few miles of "the diggings," brought with her but few comforts from the home-land—a few simple articles of furniture, the Bible and Psalm-book of her youth, and an English lark to sing to her solitude the songs that had cheered her on the other side of the globe. And the little thing did it with all the fervor of its first notes in the English sky. In her cottage window it sang, hour by hour to her, at her labor, with a voice never heard before on that wide, wild continent. The strange birds of the land came circling around in their gorgeous plumage, to hear it. Even four-footed animals of grim countenance paused to hear it. Then, one by one, came other listeners. They came reverently, and their voices softened in silence as they listened. Hard-visaged men, bare-breasted and unshaven, came and stood as gently as girls; and tears came out upon many a tanned and sun-blistered cheek, as the little bird warbled forth the silvery treble of its song about the green hedges, the meadow-streams, the cottage homes, and all the sunny memories of the fatherland. And they came to the lone widow with pebbles of gold in their hands, and asked her to sell them the bird, that it might sing to them while they were bending to the pick and the spade at the diggings. She was poor, and the gold was heavy; yet she could not sell the warbling joy of her life. But she told them that they might come whenever they would to hear it sing. So, on Sabbath days, having no other preacher nor teacher, nor sanctuary privilege, they came down in large companies from the gold-pits, and listened to the hymns of the lark, and became better and happier men for its music.

— *From Ethel Burritt's "Notes by the Way."*

A lie is like a brush-heap on fire; it is easier to let it burn out than to try to extinguish it.

Kindness is Better than Blows.

Once, as I was walking along the street in a large city, I saw a horse pulling a cart up a rising ground. The cart was filled with a heavy load of barrels and boxes; and, as the day was hot, the poor horse was having rather a hard time.

At last he stood still and refused to move. A crowd of men and boys soon gathered round. The driver whipped the horse hard; but the horse would not move. Some men put their shoulders to the wheels of the cart, and pushed it on a little way; but the horse would not help them, and one of the wheels came near to hitting a plate-glass window of a bookseller's shop.

The bookseller looked out, and said to himself, "that horse would do well enough if he were only treated kindly; but he has lost his temper, and the driver has lost his temper too. I will show them what a little kindness can do."

Then the bookseller took from the drawer a fine, large rosy-cheeked apple; and going out into the street, he patted the horse on the head, and spoke kind words to him. Then showing him the apple, he said, "Come, old fellow: be good now, and do your best, and you shall have this apple."

The horse was so pleased that he started on with his load, and went up the hill with it as if it were no weight at all. The bookseller stood at his head, holding out the apple; and when they had got on to level, easy ground, patted him kindly, and gave him the apple.

Dear little reader, if any one will not do what you want him to, do not use the lash of hard words or of rough acts, but try kindness. In a word, when you have difficulty with man or beast, don't use the whip, but "show the apple."

—Uncle John.

The Snow-Storm.

In the upper regions,
By companies and legions,
The vapors collected in crowds,
And counselled and blustered,
And marshalled and mustered,
And formed themselves into clouds.

Down from the other world,
Down to the nether-world,
Silently, solemn, and slow,
Soft as the cider-down,
Light as a spider-gown,
Came the beautiful snow.

Then faster and faster,
Till over the pasture,
Over the ponds and the lakes,
Over the meadow-lots,
Over the garden-plots,
Lay the beautiful flakes.

Then with the snowing,
Puffing and blowing,
Old Boreas came bellowing by,
Till over the by-ways,
And over the highways,
The snowdrifts were ever so high.

—Little Sower.

Cicero gives expression to a very beautiful thought when he says, "I go from life as from an inn, not as from home."



KINDNESS IS BETTER THAN BLOWS.

Kindness to Animals in Norway.

There is a salient feature in the Norwegian character which ought, says a correspondent of the London Times, to be recorded, viz., kindness to domestic animals, which in that country are treated as the friends rather than the slaves of man. As a result vicious horses are unknown; foals follow their dams at work in the fields or on the road as soon as they have sufficient strength and thus gently accustom themselves to harness. I heard of a foal trying to force its head into a collar in imitation of its mother. Horses are trained to obey the voice rather than the hand, check-reins are not used, and the whip, if carried at all, is hardly ever made use of. Great care is taken not to overload carts, especially in the case of young horses, and consequently a broken knee is rarely seen, and the animals continue fat, in good condition, and capable of work till the advanced age of twenty-five to thirty. So tame are the Norwegian horses and cows, that they will allow casual passers-by to caress them while they are lying down. Even domestic cats will approach a boy with confidence, knowing that no chasing or worrying awaits them. One very hot summer's day I met a woman holding up an umbrella to carefully screen what I supposed to be a little child at her side from the scorching rays of the midday sun, while her own head was covered only by a handkerchief. In driving by I tried to catch a glimpse of her charge, and found, to my great surprise, that the object of her care was a fat, black pig. The question of humane methods of slaughtering animals has lately been prominently brought forward in England. In this the Norwegians show us a good example; they never use the knife without first stunning the animal. In the above remarks I am alluding to the country districts of Norway; in the towns the national characteristics become modified, even though under these conditions kindness to animals is still remarkable.

Pigeons Trying to Get Home.

About a year ago Fritz Uhlenhaut, of 197 Pearl street, this city, imported 18 Antwerp pigeons. They were handsome birds and were considered very valuable. But the close confinement to which Mr. Uhlenhaut thought it necessary to subject them seriously affected their condition. They lost much of their animation, and at the beginning of the present month one of them died. Believing that sufficient time had elapsed since their arrival in this City to make them recognize his place of business as their home, their owner freed the 17 birds last Sunday morning. Before nightfall all but three of the 17 birds returned to their quarters. Of the missing trio no clue was obtainable until the arrival a couple of days ago of the bark Medusa from Liverpool. Capt. Sidenburg, of the Medusa, yesterday called upon Mr. Uhlenhaut and informed him that one of his pigeons was on board that vessel. The Captain said that on Sunday, about two o'clock in the afternoon, the bird alighted on the vessel 150 miles or more off shore. The pigeons were freed at 10 o'clock on Sunday morning. The sailor who captured the bird planned to make it serve him at his next dinner, but the discovery of the name and address of its owner on the bird's wing saved its life. The course which must have been taken by the bird from this City in order to have reached the Medusa in so short a time was in almost a direct line to Antwerp, an evidence of remarkable instinct considering the fact that more

than 12 months have passed since the pigeon was brought to this country. The two other missing birds, Mr. Uhlenhaut thinks, attempted also to cross the ocean and probably have perished.

A Single Dove.

A farmer at Amesbury, Mass., has among his poultry a single dove, which came upon his premises about a year and a half ago, and domesticated itself with the barn-yard fowls, at once assuming their habits, roaming with them through the day, and roosting with them at night. When the fowls are confined, the dove remains in their inclosure, although it might easily fly outside. Singularly enough, the flock took kindly to this accession to their number, and it immediately became the protégé of the male bird, the choicest pickings being allotted to the new-comer. From whence it came no one knows. It is apparently a case of lost identity.

—Boston Journal.

Publications and Exchanges Recently Received From Kindred Societies.

American Society P. C. A., New York. Seventeenth Annual Report.
Animal Friends. New York.
Animal World. London, England.
Canadian Society P. C. A., Montreal. Thirtieth Annual Report.
Humane Appeal. Cincinnati.
Humane Journal. Chicago.
Zoophilist. London, England.
Boletín de la Sociedad Cubana Protectora de Animales y Plantas. Havana.
Reglamento do. do. do.
Bolletino della Società Zoofila. Trieste.
Bulletin de la Société Protectrice des Animaux. Paris.
Rheinisch-Westphälischer Thierschutz-Verband. Cologne.
Thierfreund. Vienna.
Thierschutz-Zeitung "Ibis." Berlin.

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Vice-Presidents.

His Excellency the Governor and one hundred others through the State.

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Remedied without prosecution, 56; warnings issued, 25; not substantiated, 35; not found, 7; prosecuted, 6; convicted, 3.

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